# THE BOURBON NEWS

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### TABLE TOP HIGH-WATER MARK

Household Furniture Used to Gauge the Depth of Water in a Tideinvaded House.

"You folks up here, with your squares of giant-ribbed buildings to dull the wind and naturally fortified coasts that take the main brunt of havoc, get very little idea of an equinoctial gale as the term is construed down south," said a woman at breakfast the other morning in allusion to the morning papers' reports of the storm's work on the Georgia coast.

"The damage to the rice crops is heavy," she read. "I know just what that means, and there are only a few people saved of the entire little colony living on an island. I have a vivid idea of how that is also. Not so mony years ago I, in company with the other boarders at a seaside hotel, stood on the piazza just after daybreak of a morning following a fearful night and saw there houses in turn break loose from the last props and lashings that held them and float out to sea, falling to pieces when they got fairly in the breakers like so many flimsy glued boxes. They were not mere shanties or indifferently built houses, either. They had stout timbers, were two stories, with many rooms and long piazzas and each one anchored-it was supposed firmly-to the piles deep driven, as is the custom with wooden houses. They had been owned and lived in by the same families summer after summer for years. They were just so many chips, mere nothings in the clutch of the storm. No. There was nobody in are stationed there. them. The tenants had realized their danger and got out hours before, and had saved some of their things, but meets Merriam, on his wedding trip. and going to pieces with the wind booming out every so many seconds made an impression likely to be renot a record breaker. They have had worse ones off the Carolina and Georgia coast before and since; but the whole experience was new to me, and I'm afraid I quailed a good deal. The native people, those accustomed to summering there, did not seem to mind so much; ! but our black nurse was ashen with . fear and so upset that we couldn't let her hold the baby at all. Neither could we lay him down, because we were on and he and his wife absent themselves the lookout to leave the house at any minute.

"All during the night the men made trips a quarter of an hour apart to many other callers. the ground floor to see how high the water had risen. We had all taken refnge in the second story and left the things below to shift for themselves. We could hear them bumping about ominously down there; a report soon came that the water was as high as the second rung of the dining-room chairs. Before long it was up to the top of the table. "By degrees the depth of water,

measured in all calmness and equability by oid hands and steady heads at the business, got more and more alarming, even to those of a dispassionate turn of thinking, and then came the verdict that if in the next quarter of an hour it rose an inch higher, we must all leave the house. It seems that, to those versed in the behavior of the tide and the ways of storms such as we were going through, the crisis was at hand; the critical moment, when either the water would go on rising and maybe topple over (I mean undermine) the house, or else begin to go down, or, at any rate, leave off coming up. It is needless to say that that quarter of an hour was passed by me, at least, on tenter hooks and with bated breath, and by Mary, the black nurse, who had abdicated her office, with stiffened muscles and an attitude of prayer. Capt. W---, my husband, being a man, was of course obliged to be outwardly brave along with all the other men, but I knew he been raised in a good old Connecticut town where the weather never cuts I went down to keep him company. "Where were we to go if we had to

leave the home? Oh, to the fort, There's a rugged old revolutionary fort on the island, resorted to habitually as a place of refuge in storm time. We didn't have to go to it. At the end of the eventful quarter of an hour, waited for, waich in hand, by the commit- Merriam borrowed a single spur and tee on danger, the descent below stairs was made, and word shouted up that, although the water hadn't gone down | could be no doubt they were gaining. any, it hadn't risen. The tide would The chase was hot. The pursued were soon be on the turn and we were safe." -- X. Y Sun.

# Blike Talk.

He-Dearest, the tyre of my hear has been punctured by the tacks of your charms. Be mine, and let us ride

tandem through life. She-How sweet and strange! You have scorehed your way into my affections, and I cannot backpedal against let close alongside. your attractions. Isurrender the handie bar of my life to your hands, and am sure you will steer our united lives wisely .- Illustrated American.

The Mean Trick He Played.

receru?

#### TWO CITIES.

Two cities ising together-One full of dust and strife, And the weary, hopeless, battle For gain and fame and life.

The other, crowded with people, Yet oh! so calm and still. With the green grass like a carpet, Unsoiled on vale or hill.

There are feet within the city, But they seem content to rest; And hands that lie close folded Over each tranquil breast;

And eyes that behold no beauty In earth, or sea, or sky; And hearts that have ceased their throbbing. Full satisfied, they lie,

In the flood of noontide glory, In the moonlight's peaceful glow; Peasant and lord together, As the seasons come and go.

Two cities upon the borders Of a river dark and wide-One where the people tremble To cross the swelling tide, And enter the icy waters

This is the land of the living-The river, the men call Death. One step and the other city. With its shafts of marble white

Marking the narrow dwellings,

Looms up before our sight.

With prayers and bated breath;

Some day we shall join the sleepers Who rest beneath the sod, And live in "God's silent acre," That never a foot hath trod. -Lizzie DeArmond, in Ohio Farmer.

# An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I. - Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride

Chapter II .- Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, the sight of those houses floating off Chapter III .- Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government surblowing-I forget how many miles an Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty hour-and the lightship's distress guns note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes

Merriam, a dying message, which is sent membered. That storm, however, was to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence Chapter V. - Engagement of Florence

Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows. Chapter VI.-Mr. McLane is mysterious ly shot in San Francisco. Merriam i greatly excited when he reads account is While still in mourning Mrs. Mc

Chapter VII .- Mrs. McLane arrives a the fort. Merriam is startled at the news

from the formal hop that evening. Chapter VIII. - Mr. and Mrs. Merrian pay their respects to the widow on ar evening when she would be sure to have When the call returned Merriam is away, and his wif pleads illness as excuse for not seein her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken-paralysis. You will be summoned. Secur papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M. She faints and is revived with difficulty. Chapter IX.-Mrs. McLane desires to se Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go,

but the widow postpones the meeting till Chapter X .- Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged, and swoons.

Chapter XI.-Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam upon leaving her learns of a raid by greasers upon the stables who had killed one of the guards and wounded

# CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED.

There was no difficulty in learning at the wretched shack at the edge of the reservation which way they had gone, Nine at least were in the party, and the hoof tracks led away southwestward across the flat until they struck the line of the railway, two miles west of the Junction. Here there seemed to have been a brief halt, discussion, possibly a divide, and a split. Two horses had crossed the track and gone south; the others, veering westward, had "lit out" for the Santa Clara, and Randy Merriam, a trifle hungry now, was wishing with all his heart he had gone first to was trembling inwardly, being no more | Florence, and left the inspection of the accustenced to such nerve-straining stables until afterwards. It was someexigencies than I was. We had both where about two o'clock when they started. The men were booted and spurred, but Merriam was in ordinary such antics. Being a civil engineer and trousers, and the troop horse he rode getting an appointment to supervise was quick to find the spur was gone government work on the southern and slow to mind the heel. The McClelcoast, he gladly accepted the post, and | lan saddle, too, with its upright pommel and cantle, worried him after the ease of his own Whitman. When dawn came he was well-nigh ready to give up the chase after fording the Santa Clara and finding the trail had turned northwestward, when a sharp-eyed trooper swore he could see the quarry making for the foothills and not two miles ahead; so pushed vehemently, vigorously on.

> Then broad daylight came, and there tossing off saddle bags, riatas, and other detachable horse furniture to lighten their weight, but they stuck to their guns and ammunition. Merriam's men were considerably strung out, not more than six being well up within supporting distance, when the fact that they were in range of the greasers was demonstrated by the zip and sing of a bul-

trooper who rode close on his left rear. | stantly." "Shall I try a shot, sir?"

Merriam shook his head. The situation had few points in its favor. Obedient to his orders to pursue and Watts-It seems the police keep a capture the gang, Randy had ridden Potts-No. That's what they are no warrant. He was not even a deputy when I came away." down on him about. They arrested sheriff, not even the humblest con-

voters and citizens, like as not an in- home as soon as you can, old fellow." dictment for murder would be hanging no sheriff within 70 miles, and long be-Brady would be scattered all over the Parks, and see if there's any news. face of the earth. All the same, under the strict interpretation of the civil law, Lieut, Merriam knew that he and his people had no more business trying to arrest these renegades than they had and man, soldier of Uncle Sam on the that even a horse thief had more civil rights than the trooper. His expedition, nothing more nor less than a lawless dash, winding up in a possible free fight, and all against the peace and dignity of the people of New Mexico. Perhaps Buxton knew this, too, but the orders he gave were peremptory, and Merrlam never stopped to reply, reason why, or expostulate. But now when the renegades began to shoot the reasoning why had to be done. His men were hot for battle-so was he-but the nation expects of its officers that, no matter what the temptation, provocation or exasperation, they keep cool heads and tempers, only shoot when the law permits, but then shoot to kill. No claim of self-defense could be allowed. They were the pursuing and therefore the attacking party, and, though these Mexicans were followed red-handed, hotfooted, there could be no question what a civil jury would say if any of their dingy hides were punctured by the balls of a brutal soldiery.

Zip-bang!-a second shot. Bingg-g-g wrrrrr-bang! another, and Corporal Butts ducked his head and swore and Trooper Mullen's charger squealed and lunged and kicked viciously with the seam of a bullet scathing his flank and plowing the haunch. They were closing on the ruffians fast, then, and the temptation was overpowering. "I can't ride my men in to be shot down like dogs," growled Randy, "In for a penny in for a pound. They started it, anyway," he said to himself, then turned in saddle and waved high his forage cap. 'Close up! Close up, men!" he cried, meaning to draw rein, slacken speed a bit, and get all his party together before closing for action. The Mexicans were plainly winded. Their half-starved brutes had carried them under bloody spurring as far as they could and were now barely staggering along. What their riders dreaded was summary stringing up to the railway telegraph poles if captured. Better die fighting,

said the leader, and fight it was, They were close to the entrance of a little ravine that set in among the barren slopes from the open ground to the east. All the way from the Santa Clara the ascent had been gradual but disfinctly marked, and just as the foremost rider spurred around the shoulder of the hillside his panting broncho stumbled, went down, rolled helplessly over and lay there dead to kicks, curses or blows. Three of the gang lashed onward, leaving their countryman to his fate, but two of them, better nerved, reined up, alighted, and, throwing themselves flat upon the ground, opened again a rapid and telling fire from their Winchesters. "Mira! el Teniente," was the word, linked with a savage Spanish curse that hissed from the black lips of the nearest, and in an instant Merriam became the target for the sharp fire of three magazine rifles, famous for their accuracy at no greater distance than the 400 yards that now separated them. Almost before he could realize it Randy felt a sharp sting just at the outer edge of his bridle arm, and knew that the blood gushed from the wound. Then all of a sudden his poor troop horse plunged heavily forward, and, groaning and struggling, went down in a heap,

bearing his rider helplessly with him. Two minutes more, as some of the men dismounted and with rapid and effective fire scattered the Mexicans to shelter within the ravine, Corporal Butts and a trooper succeeded in pulling Merriam free from the madly lashing, struggling, stricken brute, and then it was found that their pallid, speechless leader had received some serious injury All the breath was knocked out of his body and the bridle arm was broken midway between the wrist and elbow. That ended the chase. Four or five men, it is true, took advantage of the fact that the lieutenant was knocked out to dash ahead and have a personal affair with the greasers, and later in the day, when, after a long, long ride, Trooper Mullen reached a friendl nanchman on the Santa Clara and had him send out his spring wagon for the wounded officer, these enthusiasts came drifting back, there was reason for belief that their ammunition had not been entirely spent in vain. But it was a worn-out, used-up detachment, escorting a two-wheeled, improvised ambulance, that recrossed the Santa Clara late that afternoon and was met there

by the assistant surgeon. "I hope you saw Mrs. Merriam before you started," was Randy's faint greeting. "She wasn't much worried, was she? I tried to scrawl a line or two.

You saw her-didn't you?" Bux. Steady with that stretcher there, steward. Just let me slip this support different lord: "There now, Bux, under the lieutenant's shoulder. You there's another girl making a fool of "That's business," muttered the know Bux insisted on my starting in-

Who went to her?" persisted Randy. benefit not long after, and did it so that "It-it would never do to have her half Fort Sedgwick heard it, for the one frightened-now-doctor."

remarkably strict watch on that hard, yet over many a mile had be asked worry about that. I'm sure what she ume of sound he could produce when young Glubbinson. Has he a criminal himself the question-Suppose they re- has heard hasn't hurt her. Mrs.-oh bellowing instructions to a regimental sist arrest, what's to be done? He had yes, Mrs. Rayne was over at your house skirmish line was something prodigious,

him one and be got clear. Washing stituent of a posse comitatus. If he or poor Randy, as he took the drink the likened it in force to a fog horn and in his men returned their fire and shot deeter gave him. "Heaven bless that staying power to boiled cabbage-not you herself!"-Ally Sloper.

some of these unnatural naturalized dear woman, anyhow. Now get me a neat comparison but one expressly

But the whispered caution to the over his head, if not hanging him in the driver, given as the doctor reappeared course of a fortnight. True, there was and, mounting, rode alongside, was: "Go slow-slow as you can." Then to the fore the civil authorities could be hospital attendant who had ridden out brought into play the murderers of with him he muttered: "Now rideahead,

CHAPTER XII. When Florence regained strength enough to move she crept slowly back to her little parlor, where the beacon to vote at a territorial election. In lights that were to summon her huspoint of fact, like many another officer band were still faithfully, fruitlessly burning. She looked in at the diningbroad frontier, he was aware of the fact room and its preparation for cheer and welcome, and turned away with a shiver of disgust, and then, with a moan therefore, in the eye of the law was of pathetic misery, threw herself into an armchair and tried to think. What should she do? What could she do? Her love for Randy was so fond, so glowing, that she had gifted him with the qualities of a god, leaning upon him in everything, trusting him in everything, relying upon his word as though it were a pledge on high; and yet within these few hours he had, all unasked, given her his promise not to see or speak with that-woman again except he came first to her-his wife-and told her the need: then had gone secretly, almost directly, to meet his old love in the shadows of the night long after the hour that usually saw the last light extinguished along officers' row.

If her old friend from baby days, the colonel, had come to her and said that Randy was false; if her idol, her beloved father, had added his confirmation of the colonel's views, she would have laughed them down so long as Randy-her hero Randy-swore that he was true. Many a woman will stand by her lover against a world in evidence, yet turn to stone against him when she sees one apparent sign of interest in another. Poor girl! He was her first, her only love. He was hers and only hers, and should be only hers, for when that other-creature had scorned and denied him, had he not been brought sore stricken to her doors? Had she not won him back to life through the wealth and glory of her own unsuspected love? From the day of their wedding until this woman came never had she known a wish that was not his. Day and night she dreamed, planned, and thought for him, sought only to make herself worthier his love, dearer to his eyes-sweeter to his caress. Who was there to compare with him in manliness, in courtesy, in knightly bearing? What officer was the peer of Randywhat officer even in the dear old Riflers with whom had been her home



Carrying her rider helplessly with her.

from baby days? They chided her some of the girls, in what they called her defection. "You used to say there could be no regiment like the Riflers, Floy. You used to vow you'd never marry out of the old regiment." "Aye, but that was before Randy came," was her simple answer, and then they told her Randy was her world, and proudly she answered: "I believe he is." They warned her-some of the older and wiser matrons-and God knows they had much on which to base their views -it was never safe to love any man too much, even Randy; to which she answered with sunshine in her eyes: "How could one love Randy too much?" Mind you, she never volunteered these overflowings of her heart, but these women had been her friends from her earliest days. She was still shy, even with him, but such well-meant warnings always seemed to put her on the defensive, as it were, and, poor child, she believed it her duty to her husband that she should never allow him to go undefended, even though the attack were | tant, returned to the family home and intangible as a woman's sneer. And the officiating pastor came with them. they looked so well together, and he was | There they enjoyed a good dinner and so proud of her, so devoted to her, "so afterward gathered in the best room 2 New Steel Passenger Steamers conscious of her," as some one said; for social converse. Naturally their Nowhere in that garrison was there | talk turned upon the serious event of man or woman who was able to say that the day, and presently the good pastor. Randy had not borne himself as an al- drawing a deep sigh, solemnly remost ideal lover and husband ever since. that sun-kissed wedding day. Many could even feel a sense of what is called "agreeable disappointment," which always strikes me as a phraseological parallel for that other remarkable euphemism of so many of our countrywomen-"she's enjoying poor health." Yet withal, Florence had the sympathy, the genuine affection of all Fort Sedgwiek, even in-or rather notwithstanding-her enthusiastic estimate of Ranand we made the messenger swear I dy's qualities as husband and as man, was only lamed by the fall of the horse. and her own extreme beatitude as "No-o," hesitated the doctor, "I fire a shot, as she stood watching them didn't, Merriam. You see there wasn't | strolling homeward after parade one time. You know how it is with old evening, absorbed in one another, and to observe to her own supremely in-

est fool I ever knew in my born days." "But who took my note to her then? Bux himself roared it out for Floy's valuable quality Bux possessed as a "Oh, that'll be all right, Randy. Don't | cavalry officer was his voice. The volbut of so rasping and exasperating a "Thank God for that!" murmured | timbre that his old-time derider, Blake,

herself over a man, only she's the sweet

fitting.

And now, strangely enough, this maddest of nights poor Florence could not get those words and that tone out of her head. She had flushed and turned speechless away at the time, hurt to her soul and indignant, too, but the training of her youth was strong. These were people her father and mother had taught her to respect, and though angry, indignant remonstrance was in her heart, she stifled the words that

strove to spring to her lips. "I expect I've put my foot in it again to-day," reported Bux to his better half, when he got home.

"Well, I'm sure I'm never surprised." was the lady's prompt reply. "I fear I've been rude to Col. Buxton, Randy," faltered Floy, when that gentleman came in from troop drill an hour

"You couldn't be rude even to Bux, my darling," was his answer, as he folded her in his arms.

And these are not types of the "first year wedded" and the "quarter century mated" love as seen in the army. I have known many and many a couple particulars, address, or call on who have risen together through every grade in the line, loved, loving and lovers to the end. At one o'clock Florence had set her

lights in the parlor window. At two, with that booming, gong-like sound reverberating in her ears, that incessant repetition of Buxton's coarse words, she had sprung from the chair in which she had been brooding, writhing, shuddering for half an hour, and then, tearing down the shade, close looping the curtains, she hurried to the hall and locked and bolted the door. "Another alogue on application to girl making a fool of herself for a man -another girl!" God! how the words rang-resounded through her brain, buzzed and whirred like angry wasps in her ears, hissed and rattled, ave, stung like the venomous reptiles she had learned to shun from early epildhood. "Making a fool of herself for a man who would leave her-so soon-for that painted-yes-that padded thing!" They'd soon learn that an army-bred Expert Barbers girl loved, indeed, with all her heart and soul, but could hate, hate, hate as well!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BORN IN A SNUFF MILL. The Bad Habit of a Famous Portrait

Painter.

Gilbert Stuart, the artist, who made so familiar to Americans the features of Washington and his wife, was once visited by two Philadelphia artists. The visit was notable from the fact that Stuart imitated the inebriate who always concluded his exhortation against drinking spirits with: "Do as I tell you, not as I do."

One of the artists asked Stuart for a pinch of snuff from the box in which he was inserting a thumb and finger every few minutes, and then applying them to his own nostrils. "I will give it to you," said Stuart, | will

proffering the box, "but I advise you not to take it. Snuff-taking is a vile habit, and should be avoided.'

"Your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart," answered the gentle-

"Sir, I can't help it," replied Stuart. 'Let me tell you a story. Once I was traveling during a very dark night, and coachee dumped us in a ditch. We Ar New York ..... 12:40u'n 9:08pm scrambled up, and on finding by examination that our legs and arms were unbroken, thought of the poor fellow shut up in the basket with the baggage. He was found senseless and his neck twisted awry.

"A passenger began to untwist the man's neck that he might set his head straight on his shoulders. The senseless man, recovered by the wrench, roared out:

"'Let me alone! Let me alone! I'na not hurt! I was born so!' Gentlemen," added Stuart, "I was born so. I was born in a snuff mill," and he emphasized the remark by taking an enormous pinch of snuff.

"This," says the author of "Heirlooms in Miniature," "was literally The COAST LINE to MACKINAC true, as Gilbert Stuart's father, Scotchman, built the first snuff mill ever erected in New England."-Youth's Companion.

The Long Journey. In a certain township not many miles from Cleveland the good man of a local household was laid away in the little churchvard on the hill. After the funeral the relatives, both near and dismarked: "Well, our departed brother has gone a long journey."

There was a brief silence, and then the cousin of the deceased, a fussy little woman with an intense desire to bear a share in the conversation, suddenly remarked, in a tone of profound wisdom: "Well, you know, brother, thet they all say that travel is such an eddicator!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Justifiable Indignation. One evening John Scott (Lord Eldon) had been sipping rather too freely of the convivial bowl with a friend in Ed- Cleveland, Put-in-Bay F Toledo wife. Then Mrs. Buxton ventured to | inburgh, and upon emerging into the air his intellect became considerably confused. Not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty, he felt himself quite capable of losing his way to his own home. While in this perplexity he saw someone coming toward him whom he asked: "D've ken whaur John Scott bides?" "Whaur's the use of your speering

that question? You're John Scott, him-"I ken that," answered John, indignantly, "but it's no himsel' that's wanted-it's his house."-Detroit Free Press.

A Solution.

"But your mother has no objection to my becoming one of the family." "Then perhaps she means to marry

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